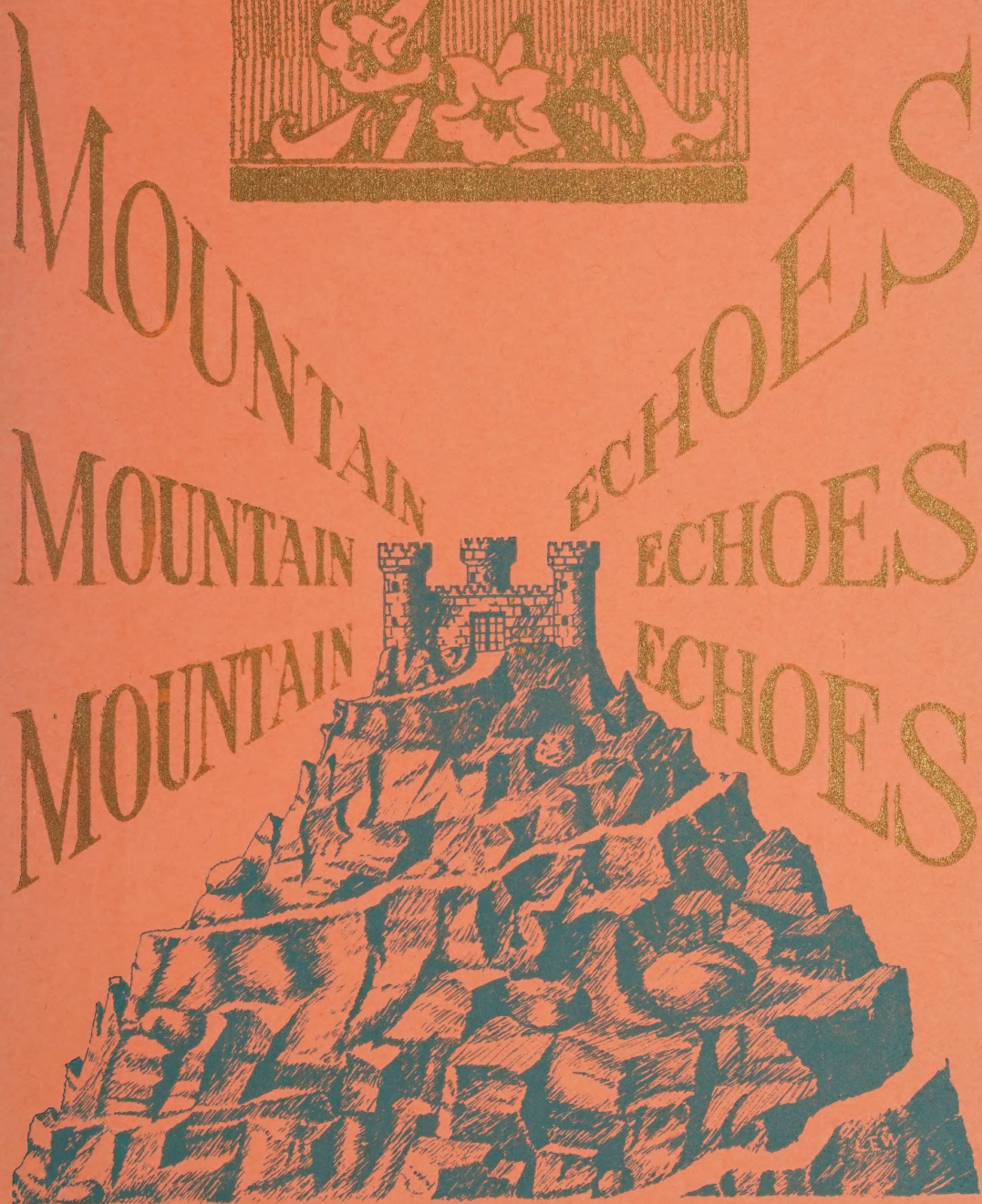


CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY
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Volume 7

April-1958

Number 6



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MOUNTAIN ECHOES is published by the inmates of the Manitoba Penitentiary with the kind permission of Major-General R. B. Gibson, Commissioner of Penitentiaries. It is designed to provide inmates with an opportunity for self-expression and a medium for discussion of public problems, and in the interest of promoting useful thought and action within the institution.



No articles of a scurrilous or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice will be published. The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration or editorial staff.

CENSUS

February 18 to March 8

Population	398
High Number	7626
Received	9
Discharged	10
Tickets-Of-Leave	1
Pardons	0
Escapes	0
Deaths	0
Transfers-Out	2
Transfers-In	1
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April—1958

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Concerning This Issue

by Don Lobb

This issue of Mountain Echoes will be "30" for me. For the past 16 issues it has been my privilege to write of the many things I felt might be done to improve the situation here and elsewhere for the inmates of penitentiaries. Now the wheel has rolled its full round and in about one more month the man with the key will open that front gate and I take my place in free society.

With the cooperation of many men here and on the outside, I have endeavored while Editor of Mountain Echoes to make of it a respected and readable publication. Because no single inmate has offered to step forward and accept the task of producing the magazine, an editorial board composed of Al Jackson, Jim Budd Pat Saito, Mitch Herman, and Frank Kramaric, has been chosen and will begin their duties with the May issue. Mr. Withrow, a member of the staff who has had technical training in the industry, has agreed to act as technical advisor to the board.

The production of the publication in the print shop will be handled by Ken Allan, Dick Moisan, Harry Condon, Les Malcolm, and Ray Fortier who will also be able to rely on Mr. Withrow for any technical assistance they may require.

There are a number of things to recommend the formation of the editorial board. For one thing, any individual has limitations and when the individual is left to produce a publication such as Mountain Echoes, his limitations become apparant to all its readers.

I am not offering excuses for my failures as Editor, but simply intend to point out a few of the obvious advantages of the board system. A number of men, employed about the institution at various jobs are better qualified to test the feelings of the inmate body than any single individual. They also bring to the publication a variety of ideas and should be better able to contact a wider group of contributors than a single person.

However, the new editorial board will require assistance as I required assistance. I feel sure that the inmates here will assist them as I have been assisted by many intelligent, constructive suggestions from the men here.

I would like at this time to particularly express my deep appreciation to the staff of The Winnipeg Tribune, radio station CJOB, the two chaplains and to members of the administration who ran the necessary errands or contacted the business people we relied upon so much for assistance during my term as editor. I would also like to thank Pat Ryan for his splendid advice and friendship.

I offer my thanks also to the hundreds of wonderful subscribers who have steadfastly supported the publication through its rough stretches and its periods of popularity alike.

I feel certain that the new editorial board will continue to provide the readers with a fair and honest picture of the inmate and promote the understanding so necessary between free and imprisoned men.



Personally

Speaking

by Don Lobb

These are the final pages of a chapter of my life. Eighteen months ago I began to write them when, as a result of a tragedy of errors, an eight-year-old boy died following a highway traffic accident.

It was a cold night, September 7, 1956. Earlier in the evening I had stopped at the home of friends. They were fine people, all of them, and they planned that night to attend a dance 35 miles out on the highway at a dance garden.

Light-heartedly, they were preparing to leave for the dance; their invitation to join the party was sincere and real, the sharing of a pre-celebration drink innocent as a child's kiss.

I shared the cup and innocence ended; the kiss was the kiss of death.

Three hours later, driving alone in my car some 15 miles out from the city, the friendly drinks exacted their toll. A blaze of car lights cresting a hill, a moment of indecision, a poorly-gauged response, collision—death.

There followed days of endless waiting; a trail, witnesses, condemnations, evasion, conviction, sentence. Then a trip that ended behind these walls.

Guilty? Of course I was.

Regret? A depth of remorse and regret such as very few people ever know.

My first appraisal of this prison was hurried. It was grey, dirty, cheerless. It still is.

My first task, writing an Echoes editorial, parallels my last. Between the two lie the months of living in unnatural circumstances. Months of searching for reason, of fighting for understanding, of working towards a free future, of trying honestly to help my fellow men to make this a better place in which those who remain and those who follow may find a way back to decency and respect.

I have written 17 editorials. Some of them I enjoyed writing, some of them I did not. All of them I felt, and still do feel, needed writing.

I hope that I have made friends. I regret having done so if I have made bad friends.

I feel now when what I say cannot be construed as a calculated attempt to acquire special consideration, that I might tell you what I feel about the whole experience.

This I feel.

A child died in that crash 18 months ago. An eight-year-old boy.

The pathologist at my trial stated that he never recovered consciousness; that he felt no pain. I hope that is so, but I know that there was pain. Not for him perhaps, but certainly for his parents.

But it is the boy himself who concerns me. A blameless child who will never know the beauty of a first date, the joys of playing baseball, driving the family car, school chums, or walking across the stage at his commencement.

The loss his parents suffered can never compare with the loss inflicted on him.

For the parents there are other children. There may even be more.

For him there is nothing. A flowering wreaths that he can never see, tender memories in the hearts of his loved ones—nothing.

I am a convict. When I've said that, I've said it all.

My punishment is not here behind these walls for a few dreary months. My punishment begins when I leave here; when I take my own child on my knee. When I consider the effects of these past months on her in years to come.

My punishment begins every time I see a man step into a car after he has had a few drinks. I won't be able to tell him what a tremendous responsibility is his, for humans are not prone to accept advice from well-meaning people, or even from friends. I would like to tell him my story. I doubt that I shall ever have the opportunity.

So I must watch him drive out into the streets of my city, knowing in my heart that he stands a very good chance of maiming someone, or of killing someone, as I did. Knowing the frustration of ineptness, of being completely ineffectual.

Who was right and who was wrong that night isn't important to me anymore, for I have faced myself now during the long hours behind these barred enclosures and I know the truth.

If I had not taken a drink that night I doubt that I would have begun the long journey to a country dance. That isn't important in itself, but it is important in relation to the events that followed. If I had been content to let the approaching vehicle have more than a fair share of the road if that is what he wanted, if I had been mentally alert enough to take evasive action when it became obvious that a collision was making rather than slowed to stupidity by alcohol, I doubt that the little boy would be dead today.

No human being can afford to have his ability even minutely impaired by alcohol when he takes that power-laden ton or two of mobile metal out on the roads. A split-second reflex may make the difference between life and death for him or for someone else. Take away that fraction of a second in reaction and you turn a normally proficient driver into a murderer.

For I can promise you endless nights without sleep, endless hours of self-condemnation. Endless 'if I had only' recriminations. I can promise you pain. Not the kind that you bandage or cure with an operation or medicines, but the deep down pain of knowing that 'If I had only' left the car in the parking lot I wouldn't be here in a prison cell and a little boy would be alive today. I can promise you nightmares, with visions of your own child superimposed upon a vision of a pain wracked, twisted little child who died.

I cannot tell you what to do. You must reach a decision. Is a lifetime of remorse worth a fast ride across town? Is a debt that can never be paid worth a gamble against time? Please believe it is not.

In Memorium

O April 10, 1957, in Iowa State Penitentiary, Tom Runyon, dean of the Penal writing corps, died in the twenty-second year of his sentence. His works and his spirit live on, a source of inspiration to all prisoners everywhere.

INDIA

by Pat Saito

How well I remember the first time I saw India. The myriad noises and smells, the bright, colorful dress of the people, and the suffocating heat, engulfing me like a gigantic wave. India.

I didn't know then how long I was to live in this strange land, nor did I realize then that it would cast a spell upon me, so that in years to come, I would remember her again and again.

However, I was glad to set foot on solid earth again. I was tired of the many days aboard the sea-heaved troopship; sick of the shipboard food and the queasy feeling of my stomach.

I felt sorry for the perspiring military band that welcomed us with a brave but raucous medley of martial airs. I was glad when we finally boarded the troop-train.

As the train travelled slowly across the country I marvelled that in many respects India resembled Canada. Like Canada, she has her prairies, great forests and a vast mountain range.

But no Canadian prairie had the soul-searing heat of the plains of India, nor were the Rockies as impressive as the towering, majestic Himalayas. The Manitoba mosquito had seemed formidable enough at the time, but he paled beside the ferocious Anopheles-bearing mosquito of Bengal.

It seemed as though I had travelled back into a distant age. Perhaps the people lived thus when Christ walked the dusty roads of Galilee, for the farmers still used their crude implements for cultivation; bullocks still drew water from the deep wells by walking around and around in a centuries-old path pulling the ancient water wheels. Haughty, belching camels still toiled under the loads of commerce, and the people wore the flowing robes and turbans that had been the mode of dress long centuries before.

I was struck by this land of sharp contrast, for truly no other country has such extremes. The world's wealthiest men live here and also, the world's poorest. Men with countless fortunes and people who live in the most abysmal poverty, where even a handful of rice is a luxury, live side by side, but separately.

The native villages saddened me, for they were such crude affairs. Here life seemed at a standstill, with people living in the most primitive fashion. Nearly all walls of the mud huts of the village were plastered with cow dung drying in the sun to be used as fuel.

In cities such as Calcutta and Bombay however, there were modern cocktail bars, theatres, and plush restaurants. And even here the contrast was obvious, for no matter how modern the street or plush the architecture, the beggars were still there. They formed a dirty, ragged army, living on what they receive and crawling into doorways at night to sleep. I shall never forget the beggars. Poor, pitiful souls without hope or happiness.

But the most heart-breaking sight of all were the countless hordes of children who, having no parents or homes, survive by their wits and by begging.

I will not soon forget the sight of a ragged, grief-stricken mother cradling the dead body of her child who had died of starvation within a few feet of people eating sumptuous meals at a modern cafe.

Nor will I forget a hungry mob tearing chunks of flesh from the carcass of a dead horse that lay swelling in the heat of the street.

I will remember the women too. Tiny, exquisite Nepalese women with golden ornaments worn through pierced nostrils: Chinese girls with the prettiest legs in the world flashing bewitchingly through slit sides of the sheath dresses; stately Sikh women in their diaphanous, pajama-like costumes, or beautiful Hindu women in their brilliant Saris. These women of the East, holding a world of beauty and mystery in the depths of their dark, lustrous eyes.

Nor shall I forget the Monsoons, when the flood gates of Heaven opened and rain fell in torrents. The tiny stream outside our camp in the jungle became a raging fury of white, foaming water crashing in its banks and sweeping every thing before it.

The Monsoon season brought rains for days on end and everything turned to mildew.

Then followed the dry season when the heat seemed to come straight from Hell, scorching everything before it; so hot that our eyes ached.

No, I shall not soon forget her, this land where human life is of little regard and a white cow is held in high esteem.

I will remember always the jungle nights with a beauty that none others possess; of listening to Tokyo Rose—our only recreation; American K-ration, and being stoned by villagers who thought the hated "Japs" had finally invaded their domain.

I will always see in my mind's eye the awe-inspiring majesty of Mount Everest; the beautiful Jain Temples of Calcutta and the architectural splendors of the marbled Taj Mohal.

Mother India, with your wealth and poverty, beauty and ugliness, your scorching plains and humid jungles.

You shall always live in my memory and hold a special place in my heart.

Penal Press Honors Philadelphia Woman

Penal Press News Service—Mrs. Dorothy W. Scheer, Philadelphia house-wife was honored January 24 as "Mrs. Public Relations of the Penal Press" in a ceremony conducted by the staff of the Eastern Echo, inmate magazine of Eastern State Prison, in the name of some 200 prison publications in the Western Hemisphere.

Mrs. Scheer, who voluntarily acts as a representative, publicity agent, and public relations director for the Penal Press, was presented a certificate of reward before an audience of specially invited guests, including representatives of the Pennsylvania Prison Society, lawyers, clergymen, prison officials, and newspaper, magazine, radio, and television news editors.

The following column is reprinted through the courtesy of the Minnedosa Tribune, where it first appeared through the cooperation of editor Pat Ryan. It could not become a regular feature since present regulations in the prison make the provision that there may be no publication of prison-written material in outside publications.

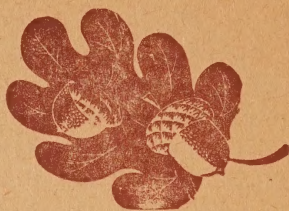
For a man in prison there is little enjoyment. Certainly there is diversion, but while enjoyment may at the same time be diversionary in nature, the two when considered from the standpoint of a man imprisoned are entirely dissimilar.

Enjoyment to him often takes the form of remembering the days when he was free, when life had meaning and direction. Memory carries him back to boyhood days.

In the early 1930 era, life was much less complicated for a boy from a rural area than it is today. Each of the years of life was catalogned by seasons.

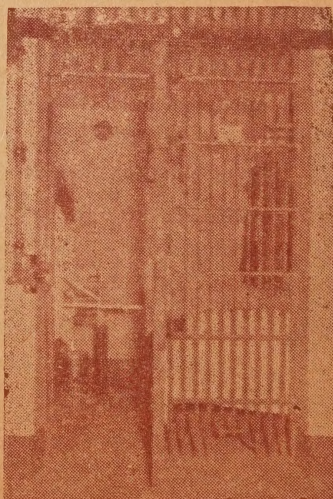
Spring was a glorious time. Warm suns sent rivulets of murky water rippling along the sides of the roads and off came the shoes and socks as we built flimsy sand dams, stuck matchsticks in shingles and with this rickety mast hung out our paper sails, ignoring the world and wet trousers as these miniature navies coursed bravely around the obstacles on their way to a pond at the end of the road. We lived with Drake and Lord Nelson and felt a little sad as with rare understanding we saw this tiny fleet in its proper perspective at the fading of the sun. Gone then were the golden days of plumed hats and cutlass-swinging pirates. A sagging scrap of wood and paper swirled helplessly downward into limbo and the reality of facing an irate parent who had chores planned for us had to be faced.

Spring was a moisture-sweetened country road with its pools of water in deep ruts, pussy willows to be picked and once even plugged into an ear (from where applications of hot Electric oil finally dislodged it) crocuses with their fragile purple in the remnants of



Reminiscence Of A Prisoner

by Don Lobb



last year's grass, a meadowlark singing from an oaken post, his throat swelled to the bursting-point in sheer joie de vivre. It was Easter holidays, snow ball fights, new grass and a feeling of lassitude that remains to this day,

But summer was the real season. Hoeing weeds in a dusty garden, knocking just plain 'tater bugs into a can to preserve the plant, forgotten as a bare-foot group of tanned "us kids" roamed listlessly along the first miles to Skinner's Lake and then with an unrecognized scent of sun-warmed water drawing us irresistably forward, a final sprint to a time-worn glade and a rapid change into every imaginable type of bathing suit and so to splash and make-believe swim until, tired and satiated with pleasure, the homeward trek began.

Summer was holidays from school and its nessary boredom, birds nests, baseball and the circus. Dad in a hot and wheezy car, tense with desire to please his brood, taking the family on a trip. Summer was berry-picking, and Sunday school when a guy would rather play.

Summer was a picnic with too much salt in the potato salad, ants on the carefully laundered table cloth and rocks where seats were arranged. It was Boy Scout camp and smoky campfire, incinerated marshmallows and beans with leaf mould in them. Lumpy mattress and constant search for recognition from an harrassed Scoutmaster. It was the world growing. Brighter, broader, deeper. Each hour a new experience. It was the beginning of maturity.

Leaves on the front walk. Sweet, breath-cloying odors of curing hay laid in windrows in a wide field, or ringing a green-scummed pasture slough. It was fall and the world began a withdrawal. Birds chirped busily, but the sweet notes of summer had been replaced with an urgency. Soft bark of the poplar gro-

wing black and scaly and a rustle from a wheat field that moved lithely green a short day ago. It was a time for bustle and hurry. Potato digging, fruit canning, corn in the shock and the heady taste of a russet apple, newly-arrived from some where in an unknown valley of British Columbia. It was the smell of binder-twine, horse-sweat and the clatter of a binder grinding its relentless way across the broad acres of a prairie wheat field. It was threshing crews and apple pie. Thanksgiving and pumpkins, hallowe'en and a rime of white frost fading in the morning sun. It was geese, high and lonely, veeing their way southward. It was no more songbirds, dust-colored sparrows coming into a suppressed prominence and it was school and drudgery once more.

And then a morning when the world spoke not a word. Quiet and gentle, a snow fall usurped the earth; ice on the sloughs, in the ditches, and galoshes and mitts. Scarves and new school clothes, smelling ever so briefly "store-bought-en." It was skating and hockey, Santa Claus at the school party, Christmas and more holidays, New Year's and more school, 30 below and sleigh rides.

Toboggans on a hill and frozen ears, frost-nipped feet and sopping pants on Saturday. It was ashes to empty and walks to shovel. February, and for me a birthday. Warm March days and ram-paging winds with road clogging drifts. A final dying flare of fury from the elements and then, wonder of wonders, a stirring in the fields and dirt encrusted drifts as spring moved inexorably forward again.

This then is my enjoyment. The gate to the world is locked and the walls are high. But still I escape for an hour, a night, a moment, and my heart is full of the glory that never fades. The beauty and joy of being just a boy in a country town. Simple, poor and unafraid.

Am I An Alcoholic ??

(Only you can make that decision)

by Frank S.

Only you can make that decision. Many who are now in A.A. have previously been told by doctors, family friends, relatives and spiritual advisers that they were not alcoholics, that all they needed was more willpower, a change of scenery, more rest, or a few new hobbies in order to straighten out. These same people finally turned to A.A. because they felt, deep down inside, that alcohol had them licked and that they were ready to try anything that would free them from the compulsion to drink.

Some of these men and women went through terrific experiences with alcohol before they were ready to admit that alcohol was not for them. They became derelicts, stole, lied, cheated and even killed while they were drinking. They abused their employers and their families. They became totally irresponsible in all their social relationships. They dissipated their material, mental and spiritual holdings.

Many others with much less tragic records have turned to A.A. too. They have never been hospitalized. Their excessive drinking may not even have been apparent to any but their closest relatives and friends; but they knew enough about alcoholism to recognize these symptoms, and to appreciate that it is a progressive illness. They wanted no part of that kind of progress.

There is a saying in A.A. that there is no such thing as being a little bit alcoholic. Either you are, or you are not. And only the individual himself can say whether or not alcohol, for him, has become an unmanageable problem.

A question is often asked: Can an alcoholic ever drink "normally" again?

So far as can be determined, no one who has become an alcoholic has ever ceased to be an alcoholic. The mere fact of abstaining from alcohol for months or even years has never qualified an alcoholic to drink "normally" or socially. Once the individual has crossed the borderline from heavy drinking to irresponsible alcoholic drinking, there seems to be no retreat. Few alcoholics deliberately try to drink themselves into trouble, but trouble seems to be the inevitable consequence of an alcoholic's drinking.

After abstaining for a period, he may feel that it is safe to experiment with a few beers or a few glasses of light wine. He may delude himself with the fiction that, if he drinks only with his meals, he can stay out of trouble. But it is not long before the old obsessive pattern reasserts itself and he finds himself drinking to excess, even though he may consciously want to confine himself to moderate social drinking.

God grant me Serenity to accept things I cannot change; Courage to change the things I can, and Wisdom to know the difference.—*Serenity Prayer*

The answer, based on A.A. experience, is that if you are an alcoholic, you will never be able to control your drinking for any appreciable length of time. That leaves two paths open: to let your drinking become progressively worse with all the damaging consequences this entails, or to abstain completely from alcohol and to develop a new pattern of constructive living.

A new-comer to A.A. often inquires: Can't an A.A. member drink even beer?

There are, of course, no "musts" in A.A. and no one checks up on members to determine whether or not they are drinking anything. The answer to that question is, that if a person is alcoholic, he cannot risk touching alcohol in any form. Alcohol is alcohol, whether it is found in a martini, a scotch-and-soda, a bourbon-and-branch-water, a glass of champagne or a short beer. For an alcoholic, one drink of alcohol in any form is likely to be too much, and twenty drinks not enough.

To be sure of his sobriety, the alcoholic simply has to stay away from alcohol, regardless of the quantity, mixture, or concentration he may think he can control.

Obviously, few persons are going to get drunk on one or two bottles of beer. The alcoholic knows this as well as the next person. He may even convince himself that he is simply going to take two or three beers and then quit for the day.

Occasionally he may actually follow this program for a number of days or weeks. Eventually, he decides that as long as he is drinking, he may as well "do a good job." He increases his consumption of beer or wine, or he switches to hard liquor. And he is back where he started again.

Some A.A.'s argue that it's how you drink, not how often, that determines whether or not you are an alcoholic. Many problem drinkers can go weeks, months and occasionally years between their bouts with liquor. During their periods of sobriety, they may not give alcohol a second thought without mental or emotional effort; they are able to take it or leave it alone and they prefer to leave it alone.

Then, for some unaccountable reason, or for no reason at all, they go off on a first-class binge. They neglect job, family and other civic and social responsibilities. The spree may last a single night or it may be prolonged for days or weeks. When it is over, the drinker is usually weak and remorsefully determined never to let it happen again.

This type of "periodic" drinking is baffling not only to those around the drinker, but to the drinker himself. He cannot understand why he should have so little interest in alcohol during the periods between binges or so little control over it, once he starts drinking.

A periodic drinker may or may not be an alcoholic. If his drinking has become unmanageable and if the periods between binges is becoming progressively shorter, chances are the time has come when he must face up to his problems realistically. If he is ready to admit he is an alcoholic, he has taken the first step toward the constructive day-to-day sobriety enjoyed by thousands of A.A.'s.

Love Your Enemies---It'll drive them crazy

by J P. McEvoy

Reprinted from *Reader's Digest*

Well, maybe it won't drive 'em crazy, but it'll certainly discombobulate 'em. Anyway, you can waste a lot of energy being nasty to enemies. Wise old Ed Howe said it years ago: "If you attend to your work and let your enemy alone, someone else will come along some day and do him up for you."

But suppose your enemy won't let you alone? What then? You can do what the man did who was walking the bounds of his new farm and met his neighbor. "Don't look now," said the neighbor, "but when you bought this piece of ground, you also bought a lawsuit with me. Your fence is ten feet over on my land."

Now this is the classic opening for a feud that could go on for centuries and make generations of enemies. "Good fences make good neighbors," wrote Robert Frost, but more potent even than good fences are good boundary lines.

The new owner smiled: "I thought I'd find some friendly neighbors here, and I'm going to. And you're going to help me. Move the fence where you want it, and send me the bill. You'll be satisfied and I'll be happy."

The story goes that the fence was never moved, and the potential enemy was never the same. He went around talking to himself. He was in shock; after that he was a slightly mystified but friendly neighbor.

There is an old saying, "There are no little enemies." Enemies may seem little and unimportant, but be careful. Don't give them cause to make a career of getting even with you. Be nice to that disagreeable newsboy on the corner. Otherwise he will dedicate himself to working hard and getting rich so he can buy the building you're in and throw you out. Don't "tell off" that snooty, golden receptionist who blocks you off from getting into the boss. One day she'll marry the boss sure as hell, if for no other reason than to get even with you.

There are all kinds of enemies, and one of the arts of living is to learn to tell them apart—so you can either plow around them like a farmer plows around a stump, or get rid of them by making friends of them. A gardener once wrote to the department of Agriculture in Washington: "I've tried everything I've ever heard about or read, including all your bulletins, on how to get rid of dandelions—and I've still got 'em."

By return mail, he received the last word on the subject: "Dear sir, If you have tried everything and you still have dandelions, there is only one thing left for you to do. Learn to love 'em."

But sometimes you run into a really big enemy—the kind that you can't go under or over or around and who doesn't want to be loved. Crossword puzzle experts know him by his three-letter name, SOB.

One of William Randolph Hearst's favorite editors came to him one day in a towering rage and said, "I can't go on like this. I've tried for years and I just can't get along with that SOB in the accounting department. He goes or I go, and that's final."

Hearst had a deceptively mild way of speaking. "You're absolutely right," he said softly to his irate editor. "I'm not surprised that you can't get along with this man. I can't. Nobody can. He is that rare phenomenon, a one hundred percent revolting SOB. But every organization must have at least one SOB. He is ours. You can be replaced. He can't." In this case the editor was the one who went

crazy.

Besides the little enemies who can't wait to grow up to get even with you, and the big enemies—the icebergs which show only one-seventh of their nasty bulk above the surface of everyday life—there are the most difficult enemies of all, the “In-Betweens.” They can be found lurking halfway up the ladder to success, where they can enviously trip you up on the way or gleefully give you a good boot in the pants to help you on your way down.

If you ignore the ‘In-Betweens,’ they pursue you; if you turn the other cheek they knock your block off. You can't lick 'em because there are too many of them and you can't join 'em because if you make friendly advances, they think you're afraid of them and they get twice as ornery. Stand by for an important message: there isn't a thing you can do about them; they're crazy already.

Finally, there is the common garden variety of enemy who never meant to be an enemy at all, and doesn't want to be an enemy, really. He's not mad at you; he's mad at the world, and you are wandering witlessly around on his lonely battlefield, stepping on land mines and getting into lines of fire not meant for you at all.

Let me tell you about one of them. She was the dark-eyed daughter of our village barber; a small, stormy, economy-size Gina Lollobrigida seen through the wrong end of a telescope. Years ago, I brought my two little girls up from Cuba in the late spring and put them in public school down the road. They talked a very peculiar language neither English nor Spanish—and their first and second grade colleagues gave them a hard time, naturally. Especially “Lolla” who was older and the ringleader Terror of the Tiny Tots.

Pat and Peggy came home crying almost every day; so I decided to cheer them up. “Let's have a party,” I said. Pat and Peggy's tears dried magically. Right away they got creative: “Ice cream! Cake, big red balloons!” “And friends” I said. The tears started again. “We haven't got any friends,” Pat blubbered. Peggy wailed. “Nothing but enemies.”

Then I had one of my rare inspirations. “Let's have an enemy party. Let's invite all your enemies—especially the worst ones—and we'll fill 'em up with ice cream and cake and give 'em big red balloons to take home.”

Little Pat and Peggy exchanged knowing looks, one of them said with an eloquent Spanish gesture, “Que pasa al viejo?” (What goes with the old one?)

Now the angels who have the special job of watching over children's parties must have been pleased to see that the Enemy Party was a mad, merry success and the best time was had by the biggest enemy, little “Lolla,” who rolled on the floor and shrieked with delight.

Pat and Peggy never came crying home from school anymore. Their biggest enemy had turned into their staunchest champion. Nobody dared lift a finger to them—little “Lollo,” would have broken it off, pronto.

One day Lolla's father dropped by to see me, “I come to thank you for asking my little girl to the party,” he said. Then he added mystified, “Why did you do it?”

“Why not?” “I told him. “She's a solid citizen and she likes ice cream, cake and big red balloons, just like any other little girl. Yes?”

“Oh, yes,” he said, “but do you know something? Nobody ever asked her to a party before. Why?”

There are several schools of thought working on this, but the Great Teacher settled it long ago. Love your enemies, pray for them that persecute you, do good to them that hate you...



The Child



by Pat Saito

The August sun felt pleasantly warm on the little girl's back as she dreamily played in the cluttered back yard of her home; a yard littered with tin cans, old broken furniture, where a large chest of drawers leaned awrily against the back fence. This was her doll house.

Times were bad. The war had been dragging on for four long, dreary years. The little girl's home showed the effects of it. The paint had peeled from the walls and the eaves-troughs sagged wearily.

Dreaming of knights and fairies, as all little girls do, she lay back against the battered, old chest. Suddenly she saw a large, silvery bird high overhead. She knew it was an airplane, because she had seen so many of them during the past months. With her child's mind though, she chose to think of it as a large, kindly bird soaring high in the blue sky.

The calm and trancelike state she had drifted into with her day-dreaming was suddenly broken by the voice of her mother calling to her.

"What are you doing out there?"

"Nothing Momma. I'm just playing," she answered hastily.

The young mother shook her head sadly as she withdrew it from the open window. For one so young, the mother had a tired, dishevelled look.

"Poor little girl," she thought. "What future has she? Suppose we lose the war." Then reproving herself angrily, she said, "But that's silly, we won't lose! we'll win because we are in the right. God will help us!"

As she prepared a skimpy lunch for herself and her child, a pang of sorrow tore at her heart. She thought of her husband, a sea away, fighting the enemy. "Please, God, keep him safe and bring him back to me," she whispered.

Remembering the long months since he had been shipped overseas, she murmured to herself, "It has been so long."

"This dam war," she cried angrily. She was fed up with the strict rationing, the absence of little luxuries and the constant worrying over her child, her husband and her parents. With the coming of the bombers her worries had increased. "At least we have been lucky so far," she thought. "Lucky that we haven't been invaded."

She placed the meager lunch on the clean table, then overcome by tiredness, decided to rest for a minute or two.

Memories of her girlhood came flooding back to her. Happy memories, when

there was no war and everyone was happy and contented. She recalled her childhood and the dozens of beautifully-gowned dolls she had owned. A feeling of sorrow and pity came over her as she thought of the single little rag doll which was her child's only possession.

"Just wait 'til this is over," she promised herself and her child, "I'll buy her a wonderful doll and lots of little dresses."

Amid this welter of memories, somehow she forgot the time and drifted quietly into a light sleep.

Out in the warm sun, the little girl's eyes closed too, as she lay in the warm, friendly sun. She dreamed of her father. He had looked like a knight in his uniform, going to slay a bad dragon. Vaguely she knew the country was at war, but it had not directly concerned her, except for the absence of her cherished father. With the naivete of a child, she thought and knew it would soon be over and her Daddy would be home again. Then too, her Mother wouldn't cry during the long nights when she thought no one else was awake.

The child was awakened to reality by her mother's voice.

"Come to lunch, Dear" she heard.

The little girl scrambled up quickly and gathering her doll in her arms, ran toward the open door.

She never reached it, for suddenly she felt a vast, sucking feeling as though she were caught in a huge vacuum—and then nothing.

For lunch-hour fell that day, August 6, 1945, in Hiroshima, Japan.



"Then they came
back for the Rocks!"

An Indian Chief from the Sagamuk Reserve near Sault Ste. Marie, was asked how the uranium boom was affecting the Indians, Chief Buzwah replied:

"Indian never get anything good from white man. Two or three hundred year ago white man come to north shore of Lake Superior. He take all the fur and give Indian a few strings of beads. Then he cut down all big trees; build mills at Cutler, Spragge, Spanish and Blind River. Soon all big trees gone—he burn all mills and go away. Few years later he come back, build paper mill at Espanola cut down all small trees. Nothing left on North Shore but rocks. Now, by gosh he come back for rocks!!"



by Roy Harrison

via Telescope

"They say . . ."



We hear the phrase so often, "They say it's going to rain," "They say we're going to have a mild spring," "They say . . ." and so it goes. These people 'they' though not always well informed, are harmless and we pay no attention to their predictions. But there are others, who, hiding behind this anonymity, do untold damage.

I remember sitting behind two young girls on a bus one day and idly watching the happy expressions on their faces. I paid no attention to their conversation until one of them said in a secretive, confidential whisper, "Don't breathe a word of this Mary, but they say . . ." and followed this by disparaging remarks about a mutual acquaintance.

How many times have we witnessed a similar occurrence, "Have you heard the latest? They say . . ." and there follows the inevitable scandal or malicious gossip. This sort of slander aimed at someone who has no opportunity to defend himself against the statements is a constant threat to happiness.

As I got off the bus I began to wonder about these people 'They' who could malign a person's name and tear his life to shreds. And it was no consolation to me to know that I too could be the object of malicious gossip.

Some days later a friend of mine began, "I wouldn't want this to go any farther but they say . . ." "Well stop right there!" I interrupted, "and tell me who are these people 'they,'" I asked? He didn't know of course, and before I stop him he hurriedly told me "they" were talking about some friend of ours. Knowing this gossip to be untrue, I tried to trace the rumour to its source—to the ones known as "they" but at every turn I was facing a blank wall. They were as elusive as a will-o-the-wisp and as devastating as an "H" bomb. There is nothing left of the victim's character after these people have finished their work.

Who are these people, I wondered, that they know so much about our private lives? Who were they that they could speak with such authority on our most intimate behaviour? Surely they must be possessed of some higher intellect to have so prodigious a knowledge of our every movement.

These people known as "they" are no respecter of persons either. They strike with the cunning and viciousness of an asp at people in every walk of life, whether he be the highest official or the lowest street cleaner.

But how can these "Whispering confidences" be stopped? I wondered. How can they be when the people who start them remain so anonymous? Just when I thought I never would be able to solve this problem, the answer came to me with blinding force. It was most painful revelation, but I knew that I had tracked it to its lair.

I had been talking to a friend when suddenly I was stunned and shocked into silence. I heard myself saying clearly and distinctly, "they say." I never did finish the sentence. I know now who "they say" are. I have been living with one of these creatures all my life.



News in Brief



New Movie Equipment Installed

Movie equipment in the Protestant Chapel was out of operation for the period of one week this month while a new screen was installed and repairs made to the present 35 mm projectors. A new set of lenses were installed and a new ventilating system, required because of the installation of high intensity carbons in the old machines.

The new screen will eventually be modified for Cinemascope and will be 29 feet in length. It replaces a 16-foot screen which had suffered damage when an unidentified musician fell through it during a rehearsal on stage. First showing utilizing the new equipment took place 10 days after the repair job began. The improvement is reported to be very noticeable.

Annual Mission Week Held

The annual Mission Week services were conducted in the Protestant Chapel during the last week in February by Reverend F.W. Armstrong, B.A., B.D., and in the the Roman Catholic Chapel by Reverend J.W. Delaney, S.J.

The Protestant Mission carried on each evening for the period of eight days beginning Sunday February 23, and ending March 2. Featured for the second year was radio and television singing star Kerr Wilson and violinist Harry Rowlin. Kerr Wilson, who also acts as Choir Master at St. James United Church in Winnipeg, thrilled the nightly audiences with his fine tenor voice. Rev. Armstrong, of St. James United, is also an old friend of the inmates here, having previously directed the Missions.

Rev. Delaney conducted the Roman Catholic Mission Sunday, February 23, to Wednesday February 29, and earned the respect of his audiences with a straight forward manner that left no room for doubt about points at which he was driving. He has also conducted previous Mission services here and during 1957 took charge of the week-long Mission.

Youth Police Force Planned

The present sitting of the Manitoba Legislature learned recently that a special police force is planned for the city of Winnipeg to deal with the juvenile problem. Juvenile crime in recent months has raised no exceptional hue and cry when compared with the headline-making events of 1957, but the appointment of a special force is hailed as a tremendous advancement in the handling of the problem.

It might be noted that suggestions for setting up a special "Youths Court" with special officers (both police and probation) and the construction of institutions for young offenders was suggested by the National Probation and Parole Association in April, 1956.

Obviously consideration of special officers to handle young offenders is at least a beginning. It is hoped that youth courts and young offenders' institutions may follow. Offenders between the ages of 18 and 21 are presently tried in criminal courts, as are offenders below 18 who have been repeated offenders,



On the Lighter Side



Household Hints: Every man likes to see a broad smile. Especially if she's smiling at him.

Fashion note: Once, when girls went out to swim.

They dressed like Mother Hubbard.

Now they aren't quite so prim.

They dress more like her cupboard.

A group of student nurses were creeping back to the hospital one night, and at the gate they met three internes. "Shh," said one of the nurses. "We've been out after hours."

"Shh, yourself," said the internes. "We're going out after ours."

Fashion Report: They're wearing the same thing in brassieres this year.

When Selma La Toole was courting, her father called angrily down from above at three in the morning, "Selma is that boy there yet?"

"Not quite," she called back, "but he's getting there."

A man who had visited a nudist colony was telling his friend about it. "Even the butler who opened the door was nude."

"How'd you know it was the butler?" the friend interrupted.

The man glared. "It certainly wasn't the maid."

Police car 25 was cruising along New York's waterfront when this message came over the radio: "Calling car 19. Calling car 19. Go to Brahmin Avenue and Roosevelt Street. Nude women running down street. That is all.

Then came the afterthought: "All other cars remain on their beats."

A merchant in Dallas Texas, asked the police to help him decipher the signature on a worthless check he'd received in payment.

They did. The check was signed: "U.R. Stuck."

A little girl whose mother was one of the town's society leaders trudged downstairs one evening while her mother was entertaining some important people. Her pajamas were open and soaking wet.

"What happened?" her mother asked.

The little girl's answer was succinct and complete:

"Somebody left the lid up, and I damn near drowned."

Daffynishuns:

Soda Jerk: a licensed fizzician.

DEAREST ONE

by Tony Crowder

At night in dreams, dearest one,
When the tears begin to fall,
It seems your face appears to me
Beyond these old grey walls.
It seems as though you're in my arms
Your head upon my chest,

Your loving lips pressed close to mine,
You're at your loving best.
But then from dreams I finally wake,
And you're not there at all.
But in my heart you'll always be,
For I love you most of all.

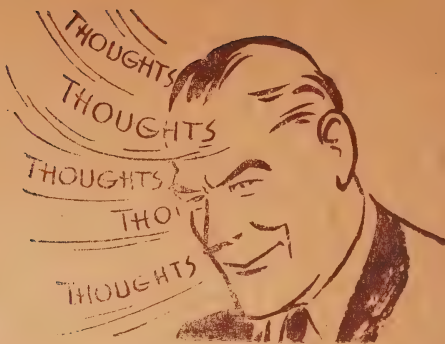
"A Father's Advice"

(A Rustic Philosophy)

My son, your journey's just begun—while mine is almost through—But some few things I've learned in life—I'm passing on to you—I haven't lived "the good life"—That my father taught I should—But if I could turn the sands of time—Believe me, son, I would—I'd live a great deal differently—And the path my feet would trod—would certainly be straight with faith—And reverence to God—For the man who loses faith in God—You'll find out every time—Has found a faith in his own self—That's mighty nigh sublime—He knows as much as all the saints—And call religion flighty—And in his narrow world assumes—The place of God Almighty—But don't expect too much of God—It wouldn't be quite fair—If for everything you wanted—You need only trade a prayer—I'd pray for yours and you for mine—And for our next door neighbor—Who wouldn't have a thing to do—But keep our good favor—If all things came so easy, son—They'd have but little worth—And someone with a gift of prayer—Would doubtless own the earth—It's the toil we give to get a thing—The sweat and blood and trouble—And every victory we win—will make life's value double—There's a money of the soul, my son—You'll find in later years—It's pennies are the sweat drops—And it's dollars are the tears—And love is the redeeming gold—That measures what they're worth—And you'll get as much in Heaven—As you've given out on earth—For the record of your deeds in life—I believe the soul planned—With an automatic register—To tell us just how you stand—And it won't take any ciphering—To show on judgement day—If you've multiplied your talents well—Or thrown them all away—When your feet are on the summit—And the wide horizon clears—And you look back on your pathway—Winding through this vale of tears—When you see how much you've trespassed—And how far you've gone astray—You'll know the way of Providence—Could hardly be your way—God knows as much as can be known—but I don't believe it's true—That he knows of all the dangers—In the path of me and you—If I shut my eyes and throw a stone—That kills the King of Siam—The chances are that God will be—As much surprised as I am—If we pray with faith, believing—Why, we'll certainly receive—But that God does the impossible—Is more than I'll believe—If it grieves Him when a sparrow falls—Then, it's as sure as anything—He'd have turned the arrow if He could—That broke the sparrow's wing—You can read old nature's history—In the tales of trees and stones—You can see her throbbing vitals—And her skeleton of bones—But the soul of her—the living God—A little child may know—No lens nor rule of ciphering—Can ever hope to show—For in spite of all your science—You must look up in your mind—And learn it's own astronomy—If the star of peace you'd find—There's a part of God's creation—Very handy to your view—All the truth of life is in it—And remember, son, it's you.

Conjectural Thinking

by R. Manson



The human mind is capable of many miraculous performances and the world about us can be made pleasant or unpleasant by the thoughts we couple to our everyday deeds. Basically this thinking may be subdivided into three separate parts, previous experiences, present experiences, and conjectural experiences. Parts one and two are immediately understandable, but, conjectural experiences in thought, while it does bring about many ideas, opinions, that are beneficial can also go overboard in a sense and sometimes stops barely short of a form or megalomania (delusions of grandeur).

It's true that previous and present experiences should balance or stabilize our conjectural thoughts, but as in arithmetic where one plus one equals two, if our previous and present experiences are in conflict with civilization then it follows that our conjectural thinking will be faulty too.

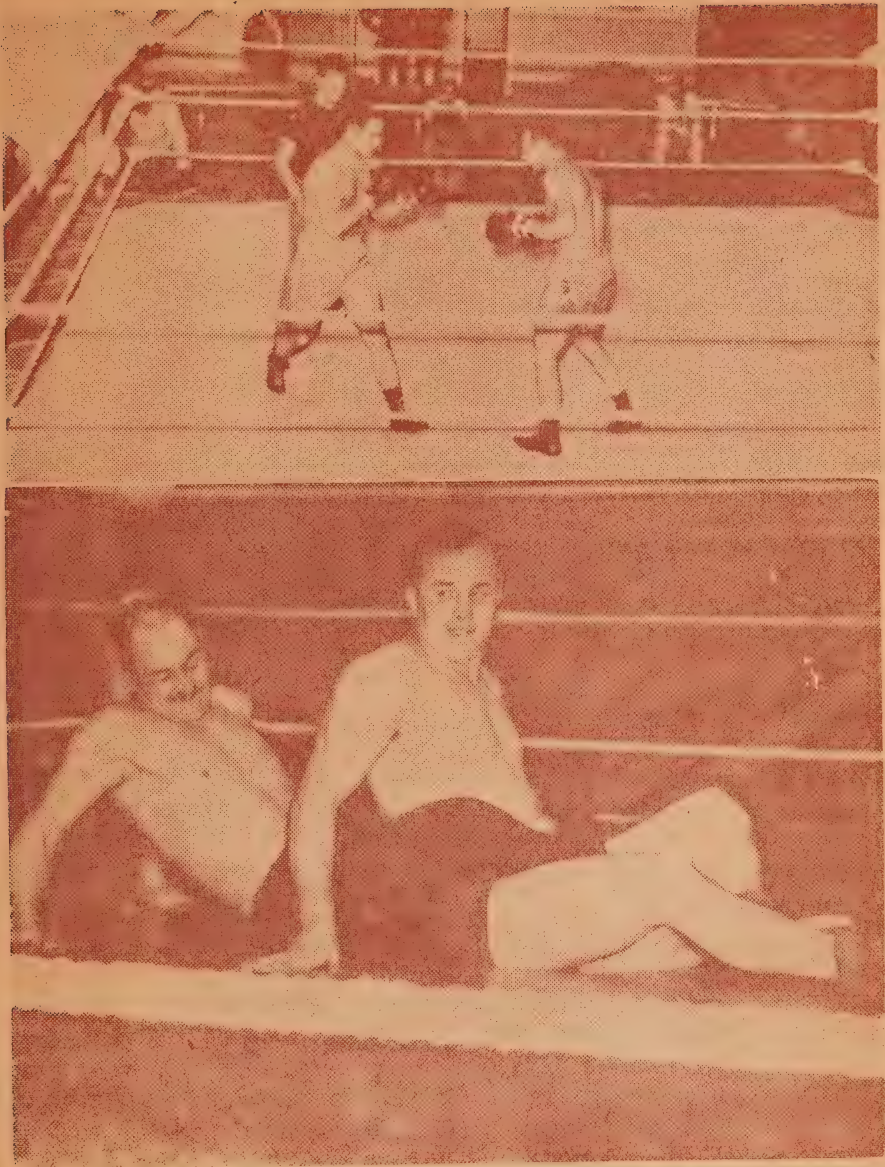
For years mankind has known that to think properly, and to reason properly it is necessary to have a solid foundation with which to begin. Our schools, universities, churches, social organizations attempt to stabilize our basic concepts and do all they can to create a firm foundation. We are taught in childhood to form good habits, once a habit is acquired it becomes second nature to adhere to it. If we acquire bad habits we find that while they form an unpleasant part of our living they become just as hard to break as the good habits. Perhaps, your argument is that a disagreeable (to you) good habit is easier to break than an agreeable (to you) bad habit, but if you look closely enough it may appear that taking all things into account they become equal.

Strangely enough a man in 40 B.C. Mark Antonius, made the following statement "Our understandings are always liable to error, nature and certainty are very hard to come at, and, infallibility mere vanity and pretense". The meaning of this quote could be ascribed to our habits good and bad.

What are good habits? What are bad? At what level do we begin to change from good to bad?

If we admit that civilization is the result of collective individualism then it will form the background of our good habits, and while some of these habits being good, will be unpleasant to our immediate self, they are beneficial to civilization as a whole. And thus our conjectural thinking should be along the line that will benefit the welfare of those people we come in contact with, this even at and the expense of doing what may seem to be the direct reverse of our own feeling intentions.

To think good, is to do good. In our vicarious living it is necessary to direct our thoughts from our previous and present experiences to events that are attainable and will better not only ourselves but civilization as a whole.



First Fight Card Slated April 5

Fight Commissioner Billy Lavery announced that Mountain middleweight champion Kenny Paul will defend his crown in a five-round match April 5. This fight, against challenger Gerard Detonancourt, is the main event of a seven-bout show.

In addition there will be four wrestling bouts featuring local grapplers.

Major-General Megill Honors Athletes At Banquet of Champs

Mountain league Black Hawks, winners of the hockey championship here were honored March 15, at the second Banquet of Champions when team captain Frank Lexier accepted the Major-General William Jemmett Megill Trophy from the hands of the donor in the absence of coach Lloyd Isbester.

Held in the Officers' Mess, 25 inmates, including the Carl Fingas curling foursome, who won Aggregate Honors in the first penitentiary bonspiel, heard Major-General Megill D.S.O., CD., relate some colorful anecdotes of his hockey-playing days before he presented the trophy to Lexier.

An enthusiastic sportsman, General Megill presented the beautiful trophy, a figurine of a hockey player mounted on a mahogany base and standing approximately one foot tall, to the league following a steak banquet with all the trimmings.

He commended the Black Hawks on their victory and added his congratulations of William 'Scat' Watcher of Rangers, who was chosen the league's Most Valuable Player. He also added congratulations to the Fingas rink for their victory in the bonspiel.

General Megill was introduced to the meeting by Commissioner of Hockey Don Lobb, who spoke to the group, outlining in detail the operation of the league and the records of the teams. Lobb told the group, "Major-General Megill is an enthusiastic sportsman and a keen curler. He also takes a great deal of interest in fishing and hunting and is a sponsor of athletics within his command.

"While I am not too well acquainted with General Megill," he continued, "I have some background material which I would like to present at this time."

"Major-General Megill was born in Ottawa, June 26, 1907. He was educated there and at Queen's University, Kingston, where he received a degree in electrical engineering.

He enlisted as a boy in the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals at the age of 16 and has served continuously in the Canadian Army for 33 years. Two years of of his 35-year-army career were spent at Queen's.

He was appointed Lieutenant in the Corps of Signals on May 1, 1930, and later attended Staff College at Quetta, India, in 1939, and the Imperial Defence College, London, England in 1949.

During World War II he held various staff appointments at Army Headquarters in London, Ottawa, Canadian Military Headquarters in London, Headquarters 3rd Canadian Infantry Division, Headquarters 1st Canadian Corps, and in October 1943, assumed Command of the Algonquin Regiment in the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

In February 1944 he was promoted Brigadier to Command the 5th Canadian Infantry Brigade and commanded this formation during the fighting in North-west Europe.

Since the war he has served as Deputy Chief of General Staff, Army Headquarters, Ottawa; as Commander, British Columbia Area with headquarters at

Vancouver; as Commander of the 25th Canadian Infantry Brigade Replacement Group at Wainwright, Alta., and as Senior Military Advisor to the Canadian Commissioner of the Canadian Supervisory Commission, Viet Nam, Indo China.

Following his return to Canada from Viet Nam in 1955, he was posted to Winnipeg to take up his present appointment as General Officer Commanding, Prairie Command, with the appointment effective from November 17, 1955.

Lobb then extended the thanks of the inmates here to the General for his kindness and called for a vote of thanks from the meeting.

Major-General Megill spoke briefly of some his early memories of hockey contests in the Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto and then of some humorous incidents during the playing of Army hockey contests before his unit left for overseas during the Second World War. He presented the trophy and his congratulations to Frank Lexier of Black Hawks, who accepted the trophy in the absence of coach Lloyd Isbester, hospitalized for an operation to his knee.

Earlier, Warden C.E. DesRosiers presented an award to Scat Watcher and congratulated both Watcher and the Hawks on their victory, and all the inmates on their successful season.

Chairman of the banquet, Al Jackson, also congratulated the hockey champions and pointed out that the Carl Fingas rink, who won four straight games to take top honors in the bonspiel held early in March, represented the newest addition to the sports programme in the institution.

Coach Ernie Mitchell of the runner-up Rangers and Coach Don Dodd of Detroit added their congratulations to the victors.

Hawks were the 'Cindarella Team' of the league, having won only one game in the eight game schedule, they came on to take the semi-final playoff with two straight victories over Mike Sokoloski's Canadiens. The best-of-three semi-final round began February 1. Black Hawks won over Canadiens 2-1 in the opener while third place Detroit held first place Rangers to a 3-3 deadlock. The second round saw Hawks display their best hockey of the year to thump Canadiens decisively 9-2. Rangers were hard-pressed to earn a scoreless tie with Detroit, who forced the league-leaders into a sudden death game before they bowed 6-2.

Rangers were touted as the finest local team in years as they swept through the regular league play without a loss, winning seven games and tying one.

Hawks took the first game of the two-game final 2-1 on the strength of solid defensive play by Lexier, Stubbs, and Bevan in the nets.

In a Sunday-morning game to decide the series, Rangers blasted in two goals in the first period to move into a 3-2 edge on the round, kept the one goal margin during the second period as they matched single goals with the Hawks in a thrilling game.

The fired-up Hawks powered their way into a 4-4 deadlock in the final period to earn the crown.

In addition to Major-General Megill and Warden DesRosiers, special guests at the banquet included Deputy Warden John Wickey, Principal Keeper N. Orlesky and Protestant Chaplain Dr. G.W. McNiell.

A vote of thanks is extended not only to the guests, but also to the staff of the Officers' Mess, servers at the banquet, Commissioner of Penitentiaries R.B. Gibson, hockey officials and members of the Inmate Welfare Committee.

Tech-Voc Greenshirts Win With Tremendous Homestretch Drive

Tech-Voc's big green and gold squad capped a tremendous fourth-quarter drive Sunday, March 23, with a pair of field goals in the last 59 seconds to nose out the all-gold Stony All Stars 57-53 after overcoming a 10-point Star margin.

"Big" Ed Sherbo, smallest man on the court, outshone the winners with a spectacular 26-point effort to lead Star scorers. Usually reliable Goldsmith had plenty of trouble finding the range but hit for 14 after the intermission.

Driving hard in the third quarter in an effort to open a lead, Stars netted 20 points to eight for the visitors.

Paced by McLane with eight points, Tech-Voc poured it on in the final frame to move into a 53-53 deadlock with 59 seconds left to play.

With time in, Stars took the throw-in and drove in under the basket for a lay-up that might have won it all, but it circled the rim and dropped outside. A ball-hawking greenshirt broke quickly downcourt, shot from well out, and a high rebound was tipped over the edge by McLane. Shipman cinched it when he converted a poor throw-in into a basket.

For the Stars, Danny Gougeon got six, Kenny Allan five and Phil Boiley two, to account for their points.

McLane with 16, Shipman 12, Argot 9, Kuryk 6, Lane, Bonorus and Suchar netted four points each for Tech-Voc's 57 point total.

Stars led 6-4 after the first quarter, and maintained the edge at the half on Sherbo's brilliant shooting.

Goldsmith's bid in the third period made a tremendous difference and Stars took a commanding 10-point edge.

Tech-Voc had too much left as they roared to victory in the last minute.

Referee A. Taylor visited with the outside team and volunteered his aid.

Kubesh Paces St. Paul Srs.; Churchill High Splits Pair

Paced by the steady shooting of big Don Kubesh, 'Rookie of the Year' in Winnipeg's Senior Mens basketball league, St. Paul's College Seniors piled up a 20-point advantage in the third quarter and held it in the final frame, downing Stony All Stars 64-46 March 2.

Kubesh hit for 23 points to lead the visitors but was hard-pressed for scoring honors by Goldsmith of Stars who netted 21.

Aided and abetted by K. McKinnon, with 16 points, Kubesh, operating at centre gave a great exhibition of faking and ballhandling. The 18-year-old St. Andrews smoothie is also a standout at end on a Winnipeg city football squad.

On March 8, Churchill High provided the opposition as Stars split a pair of games, dropping the opener 54-35, but snapping back in the second to win 21-16.

Victory in the abbreviated second tilt marked the first time this season Stars have emerged in charge of the long end of the score.

All Stars were on top in the first quarter but Churchill pulled even at the end of the second.

The third period play was Churchill all the way, ending with the visitors up by an 18-point margin.

In the 20-minute game that followed Stars earned a measure of satisfaction by moving into a five-point lead then matching the visitors bucket for bucket the rest of the way.



Easter Morning

I waken to the quiet hushed
Cathedral voice of sky and sea,
While morning glistens like a flushed
Great stained-glass window over me.

This is the earth's dawn of rebirth—
A world arising after sleep,

Awakening sight, awakening sound,
Sheen on the grass and swallow sweep
This is the resurrection of

The rose-grey leaf bud on the grape,
The iridescence on the dove—

The formless, taking form and shape.

See where the sunrise paints its bloom
There is no death, or ever was!

No victory of shadowed tomb—
Only a haze like golden gauze

Where morning blossoms at our gate,
And the last fog-wraith fades away.

Up soars the lark to celebrate
The risen Christ. And it is day!

—Elizabeth Landwever.

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